

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE,"  
By Miss Cisneros,  
IN SUNDAY'S JOURNAL.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

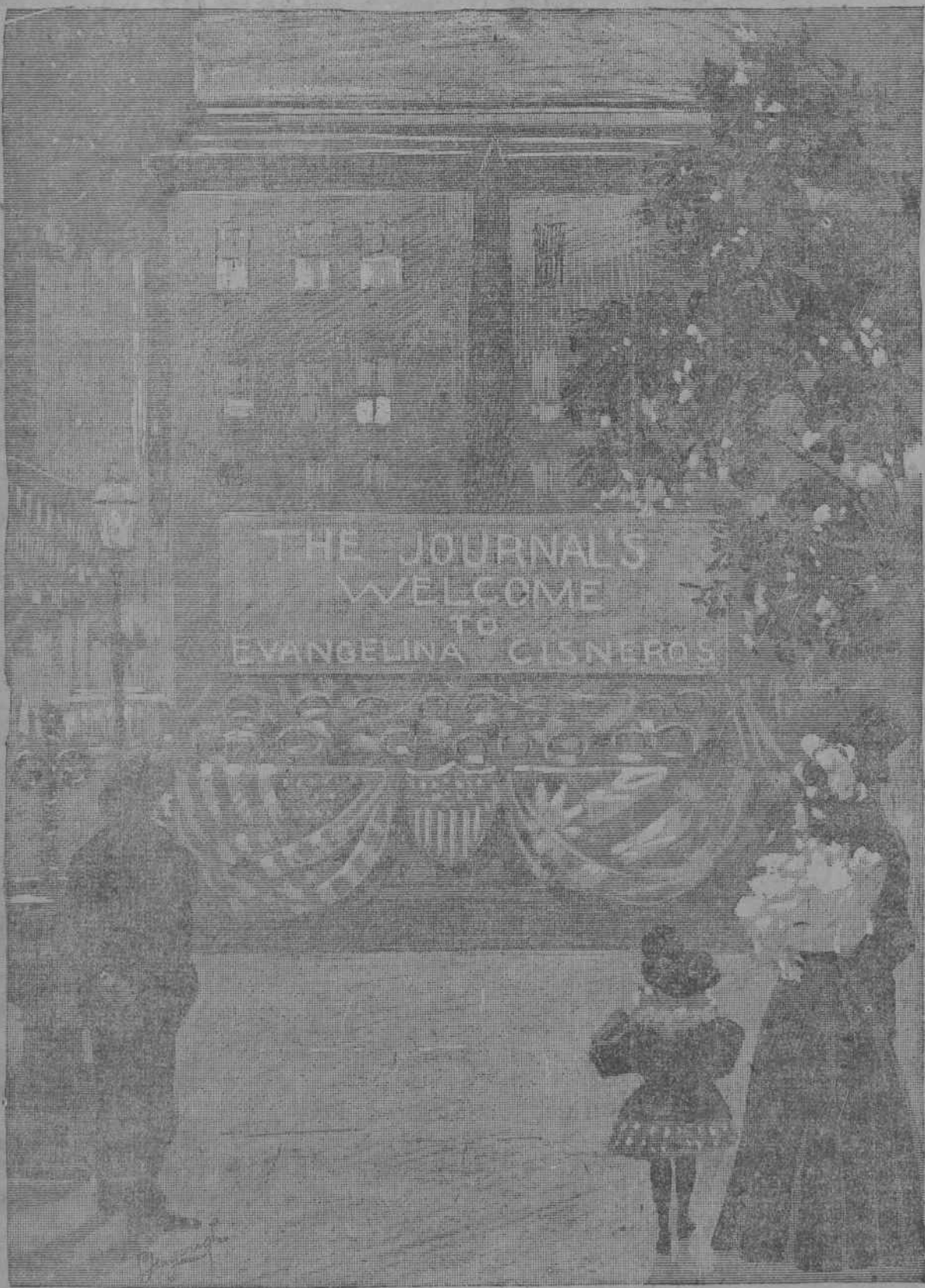
IF YOU DON'T GET THE  
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## TO-NIGHT COMES THE JOURNAL'S GREAT RECEPTION TO MISS CISNEROS.



As a Stand in Madison Square Will Look To-night.

### MISS CISNEROS TAKES OUT "FIRST PAPERS."

She Herself Suggested Becoming an American Citizen, and Could Hardly Wait to Go Through the Formality.

The United States has charge of Evangelina Cisneros now.

She signed her name, with its bewitching lower flourish, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon in this section of Uncle Sam's declaration book kept in the Naturalization Bureau in the Supreme Court, and when, five minutes later, she swore, with a fervent kiss on the bureau Bible, that she had a "bona fide intention" to become a citizen, she had all the might of America at her back.

Of course, she will not be a full-fledged citizen with the right to hold office in Lincoln, N. J., or Colorado or Kansas, for a full five years, but a simple declaration of intention saved the patriot Martin Costa from Austria's clutches in 1853.

The declaration of Miss Cisneros will save her from Spain in 1897 or any other year.

She kissed the imposing gold-sealed certificate that Mr. Loos, the clerk in charge of the bureau, gave her, and would allow no one else to hold it all the way back to the Waldorf, where she put it away with the few treasures she brought from Cuba. She was in intense earnest all through the proceedings, except once, when one of the Journal men was translating to her the wording of the oath she was preparing to make.

When he came to the phrase, "I renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, State or sovereignty whatever and particularly to the Queen of Spain," she laughed, until the tears came into her eyes.

**A Superfluous Oath.**  
"I don't need to promise that," she said. "I did it more than a year ago in Cuba. That's why we all got in trouble. Still after all it is a pleasure to do it again." Miss Cisneros herself suggested the idea of becoming an American citizen. She spoke of it to her friends in the Waldorf on Thursday evening, and when she saw it not with their approval, she was in a fever of anxiety to have the matter settled right away.

"Let the Journal do me this one more favor," she said. "I won't ask another, indeed I won't. Please fix it so that I can be made a citizen and please fix it quickly for me, to-night even, if that is possible. I do so want to march around and sing 'I am an American.'"

She was told that the matter could not be arranged that night, but that before the next evening she could sing her song with as good a right as any daughter of the Revolution.

The Journal sent a reporter to see Clerk McNamara, of Part II, of the Supreme Court, who has charge of the Naturalization Bureau, and he and Clerk Loos arranged everything for her coming at 3 p. m. They prepared the papers, in advance and fixed up a desk specially for the ceremony. They hung the office flags of Spain, but a bunch of flowers next the desk and put on it new blotters, pens and pencils, all of which were eagerly

fought for later as souvenirs. Mr. Loos kept the pen with which she signed the declaration and he was the envy of all his colleagues.

Going to her room, weary and fatigued, an endeavor was made to keep the proceedings quiet, but it was no use. Her pictures in the Journal have made her too well known, and the instant she and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster stepped out of their carriage to ascend the old Court House steps the cry arose, "There's the Cuban girl! There's Evangelina Cisneros, the girl the Journal rescued!"

**Crowds to See Her.**

The news spread like fire through the building, and by the time the slow-going Tweed elevator had gotten the ladies to the second floor, the Journal men escorting them had hard work to force a lane through the crowd that filled the upper halls. There were a half dozen important cases going on in the various parts of the Court, but in five minutes even the Minnie Sullivan-Cutting and H. Chitly Miner case had lost its audience.

In the crowd that said almost as one man, "By Jove, she is a charming little girl, isn't she?" were Judge Gleason, Judge Trux, General Ward, Cephas Brainard, Clifford Reese, Francis H. Wolman, Albin Brown, Frank Sam, James J. Nealis, M. R. Brown, Sergeant Knapp, A. J. E. Kingsley, W. A. Chandler and Edward Lauterbach.

Officer Michael Griffin allowed only a privileged few in the offices of the bureau, and they were indeed privileged, for they saw a prettier picture than it could be believed this for modern day could produce. They saw this pretty little woman, with cheeks as red as roses and eyes as bright as stars, and they were indeed privileged, for they saw a prettier picture than it could be believed this for modern day could produce.

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brought out another burst of applause, and Miss Cisneros went away to rest for the great reception of to-night.

### HER HAND ENDED LIFE.

Mrs. Atherton Blight, of Newport, Shot Herself—Had Been a Sufferer for Years.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 15.—It was learned to-day that Mrs. Atherton Blight, who, it was reported last Tuesday, had died of consumption, had committed suicide. The fact was made public at the Board of Health office, where the medical examiner's report was filed, stating that death was due to a pistol shot.

Mrs. Blight was found dead in bed at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, with a revolver in her hand. She had shot herself in the head. Mrs. Blight had been a great sufferer for years, and it is thought that she committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity. She was the daughter of Richard Greenough, the sculptor.

Mrs. Blight's funeral took place to-day at Trinity Church, Rev. Dr. H. E. Bowers and Rev. E. H. Potter conducted the services. There were society people present from New York and Philadelphia.

Mrs. Blight was at one time a well-known figure in New York society. Her illness during the past few years has prevented her from going out, but she was able to receive callers. As far as known, she never gave any indication that she intended to take her own life. When she was found dead in bed, last Tuesday, it was stated that consumption was the cause of her death. As it was known that she had been suffering from that malady, no surprise was expressed. The announcement was made at the Board of Health this morning that Mrs. Blight had shot herself, and this was the first news that the public had of the tragedy.

Few of the details of the suicide of Mrs. Blight can be learned, as the family has used every means possible to keep the matter quiet. Even the doctor, medical examiner and undertaker were loath to speak when questioned on the subject, and the official at the Board of Health did not care to talk, but when it was seen that the matter must come out and that the record of the death was public property, the statement was that Mrs. Blight had died from the result of a pistol shot administered by herself. As it was known that she had been suffering from that malady, no surprise was expressed. The announcement was made at the Board of Health this morning that Mrs. Blight had shot herself, and this was the first news that the public had of the tragedy.

### CHANCE FOR ALL TO SEE THE HEROINE.

In Madison Square Karl Decker Will Introduce Her to the Public.

### RESCUED AND RESCUER.

Great Men Will Be There to Speak, to Help Make the Occasion Historic.

### THE FUNCTION AT DELMONICO'S.

Entrance There Will Be by Invitation, as the Room Is Limited, and the Crowds Could Not Be Accommodated.

By Julius Chambers.

Everything is arranged for the reception and great popular ovation to Miss Evangelina Cossio y Cisneros this evening. It will be such a demonstration of sympathy for the cause of human liberty as has not been seen in the city of New York since the days of the Civil war.

At the invitation of the Journal, many of the most prominent and distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the country will be present at Delmonico's and be presented to the young heroine, whose thrilling rescue from a Spanish prison the Journal planned and secured. Admission to Delmonico's will be by printed invitation, which must be presented at the Twenty-sixth street entrance. The men at the door will not have any discretion, and only those properly accredited can pass the door. The room in the suite of parlors is limited and every precaution has been taken to prevent overcrowding.

### Where Many a Ball Has Been Held.

The grand parlor suite on the second floor, in which the "Patriarch's" ball and other splendid receptions of New York's social leaders have been given for many winters, will be the scene of the reception. The place is historic, and nearly every famous man in this country has been dined there within the last two decades. Here the "Assembly" balls were held for years, and many a young society, had been launched on her social career in these rooms. "The Bachelors" were devoted to the same locality and their annual dances were in many respects the most brilliant even seen in the metropolis.

Such will be the social memories associated with the Journal's pretty young guest and those who will gather to welcome her. Nothing that careful preparation and good taste could suggest has been omitted to make the reception and popular ovation to Miss Cisneros both noteworthy and historic.

The young lady yesterday declared her intention to become an American citizen, so that the ladies and gentlemen there assembled can truly greet her as a prospective countrywoman. She is, therefore, doubly under the protection of the American flag.

### At the Entrance.

Miss Cisneros will stand at the entrance to the smaller parlor, surrounded by representative ladies, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Holland Dames, the Cuban League and several other social organizations. She will stand where Mrs. Astor, the queen of New York society, has stood to receive her guests. The individual presentations will be made by Counselor Ruess or some other distinguished Cuban. The guests will pass in line before the nation's guest, and she will be introduced, quite after the manner of the receptions at the White House. As each guest approaches his or her name will be announced, the little Cuban lady will bow or shake hands.

No formal speeches will be made in the parlors, though Senator Euclid may briefly voice the public feeling when the lady first enters the apartment, in assuring her, in a few words, of the love, respect and fidelity of the American people.

To this Dr. Lincoln de Zayas, of the Cuban Legation, will reply, expressing the gratitude of the Cubans in this country and on the "ever sacred island" to the Journal for rescuing their countrywoman, and to the people of the United States for the welcome with which she is received.

### Elaborate Decorations.

Elaborate decorations of the beautiful white and gold parlors would be out of place. The flags of Free Cuba and the United States will be the chief embellishment. These will be seen in profusion, but nowhere the yellow and red of tyrannical Spain. Under the massive folds of the Stars and Stripes, Miss Cisneros, now de facto an American citizen, will receive her admirers. At her side will hang the colors of her own beloved Cuba—with its triangular field of blue and its single star.

### In Pale Yellow

The great ballroom at Delmonico's, toned as it is to a pale yellow that makes any woman look like a rosebud, lends itself readily to decoration, but the man who has had the work in charge for the Journal has considered that the intertwined flags of America and Cuba were about the only decoration that beautiful room needed. Between each of the windows on the Twenty-sixth street side of the room there is a shield bearing up the united flags of the two countries, and a similar arrangement has been used to accentuate the great altars which line the opposite wall. Across the entire front of the balcony, which the orchestra will occupy, a silken flag has been stretched. This will confront Miss Cisneros when she stands be-



fore those who have assembled to do her honor.

She herself will form the gem—the centre—which will bring together all the parts of the picture, for the whole scheme of decoration radiates, like a lady's fan, from the dais upon which Miss Cisneros will stand. Behind her the decorator has erected a magnificent sunburst of American flags, with the national shield in the centre. It is expected that Miss Cisneros's head will just reach the bottom of the shield, so that the rich flags will form a fit background to her beauty.

Palms and ferns and flowers—some of them native Cubans—will surround Miss Cisneros at Delmonico's from the time she enters the door until such time as she leaves the house to stand before the gathered thousands who wish to see and cheer the girl the Journal rescued.

Such is the picture that will greet the vision of the invited guests of the Journal to-night.

This reception must take its place as an incident associated with one of the really great achievements in American journalism—an event that will stand as a landmark in the history of nations as well as newspapers, for it is doubtful if it will ever again be given to a newspaper to do what the Journal has so thoroughly done—triumphantly to rescue a persecuted girl from the clutches of the vilest brute who ever contaminated the face of the earth.

The supper, in Delmonico's best style, will be served at 9:30 o'clock. Every effort will be made to provide for the comfort of the Journal's guests.

Julian Hawthorne will present Anthony Hope to Miss Cisneros.

Among the invited guests are Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mr. Calvin S. Brice, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Former Ambassador to France James B. Eastis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Appleton, J. Lawrence Asplund, Mr. and Mrs. James De Wolf Cutting, Colonel and Mrs. George Moore Smith, Mrs. S. Connan Harriott, Miss Harriott, Miss Hilda Clarke, Rev. and Mrs. G. Edwin Talmage, Rev. F. de Solis Mendes, General and Mrs. Daniel Butterfield.

Dr. and Mrs. George F. Shrady, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Tom L. Johnson, Mr. Emanuel Ely Quigg, General and Mrs. Anson G. McCook, Dr. and Mrs. Lyman Abbott, Miss Helen Gould, Miss Florence Guernsey, Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Bull, Colonel Ethan and Mrs. Allen, General Julio and Mrs. Sanguly, Mr. and Mrs. Chester W. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic R. Conder, Jr., David Keane, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dunne Pell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bierstadt, George Stuart Smith, Mr. Benjamin F. Wood, Mrs. Joseph Drexel and Miss Drexel, Mr. Chester Burwell Duryea, Mrs. Greenville Winthrop, Mr. Grosvenor Lowery, Mr. Henry Cleave, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden, Rev. Dr. Silverman, Mr. John B. Cheever, Mr. J. J. McCoombe, Jr., Rev. Thomas H. Hill.

### Splendid Pageant

Miss Cisneros will leave the Hotel Waldorf in an open carriage at exactly 7:30. Seated beside her will be Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of the Ladies' Cuban Relief Association, and Mr. Karl Decker. Colonel James Moran, of the Irish Volunteers (the late Sixty-ninth Regiment), will be the Marshal of the parade. The carriage will be escorted by Cuban troops, invited by the Journal, dressed in the regular army uniform of the Republic, and armed with rifles and machettes. There will follow a battalion of the Naval Cadets of the Port of New York, under the command of Captain Replew. The Irish Volunteers (the gallant Sixty-ninth) will march next.

The vehicle, drawn by four horses, will proceed through Thirty-third street, which will be cleared by the police, to Madison avenue, thence southward to the corner of Madison Square and Twenty-sixth street, where the procession will turn westward, crossing Fifth avenue, and halting before the Twenty-sixth street entrance to Delmonico's.

A guard of honor will await her coming. The stairway will be lined by naval cadets, who will present arms.

Miss Cisneros Renounces Allegiance to Spain.

### HOW DECKER HID EVANGELINA.

The Night Ride from Hated Recojidas and Subsequent Events Described for the First Time by the Intrepid Journal Commissioner.

By Karl Decker.

The story of the escape of Evangelina Cisneros has been told in every detail by the actual participants, with the exception of the recital of the events of the last day. The best of reasons prevented the publication of this part of the story heretofore.

Private information received from Havana yesterday makes it possible to narrate the final chapter of the Havana end of the story.

When the carriage containing Evangelina Cisneros rattled off over the cobbles of Egida street that moonlight Thursday morning one of the men engaged in the rescue sat upon the box. He was an American, who spoke Spanish like a Castilian. He knew every turn and twist of the narrow, winding streets, and, taking a circuitous course about the city, finally rounded into the street in which was located the house selected as the hiding place of Miss Cisneros while in Havana.

The street was deserted for several blocks. Far away toward where the Recojidas lay in all its squalor, jostling a barracks and an arsenal, could be heard the plaintive wailing of the sentinels. In all that still moonlit city that night that cry was the essence of concentrated alarm. It rang out from the sentry boxes as the carriage containing Miss Cisneros dashed off; it was heard again threatening across the silence of the city as Miss Cisneros sprang from the carriage and disappeared through the back behind which a trusted servant had been waiting for hours.

There had been sounds of revelry in that house that night. A reception had been held there during the evening, and in the late morning hours, as the guests left as snoring host and hostess that various houses in Havana were at their disposition, a frightened, trembling little maiden duffered in through the door and pressed flat against the wall within waiting for some one to welcome her or shelter her.

As the last couple passed out of the house, she felt a gentle touch upon her arm and was quickly ushered into a room set apart for her exclusive use. In fact, a whole suite of apartments were reserved for her, and she was given the attendance of two servants during the time she remained in hiding.

She entered this house on Thursday morning about 3 o'clock and remained there securely sequestered until Saturday afternoon. In the meantime Henandon was having adventures enough to fill a novel. Hardly had Evangelina left the carriage before he was hailed by a half drunken Spanish officer who had hanging upon his arm a fagged out fairy from Olympia street.

"Calle Obrapia" means "street of plums works," but no respectable resident of Havana takes the name as a guarantee of good faith. It needs Champagnizing badly. Consequently, Henandon felt deeply grieved at the idea of carrying such freight and turned them down harshly.

"I'm going to the palace after the Captain-General, to take him for a moonlight drive," he growled, and dashed his nose violently. Twice after he had an opportunity to carry an honest penita, but declined the chance.

over to the rightful driver, and, after a parting drink in an all-night bodega near by, we parted for the night.

The period intervening until Saturday afternoon will never be forgotten by the five men who by this time were interested in getting Miss Cisneros from the island. A house-to-house search was being conducted in every section of the city. The other men engaged in the rescue were free from espionage, as they had not fallen under suspicion, but from Thursday midday I was followed by a brace of detectives who had been assigned to shadow me by the Havana police under orders from the Spanish Minister at Washington. By this time it was generally known in Washington and in Havana that the girl had been rescued by the Journal and every effort was made to detect the whereabouts of Miss Cisneros by shadowing me. For this reason I was unable to see Evangelina again face to face until I met her in New York.

On the day she left her hiding place I succeeded in shaking off my shadows by taking certain methods which would have been ridiculed by a Pinkerton, but which were successful with the Spanish spies. She was dressed as a young "Marinero," with blue shirt, bow tie and a large starched hat. Her hair was plastered under the hat with cosmetics. As she stopped out into the street a swift swirl of wind caught the hat and whirled it from her head. For a moment our hearts censed to beat. Every horn gripped his gun and waited.

Quickly she caught the hat from the ground, labored it down on her head and started off jauntily and nonchalantly down the street.

The few careless passers by had failed to note the incident, and she was safely over this hurdle.

All the way down Olisipo street we followed her, guns swinging loose and ready at hand, a carriage following, ready for emergencies. Had she been detected it was our intention to rescue her again, place her in the waiting carriage and dash.

Fortunately nothing happened. It was nearly dark. The short twilight was closing. The Sentinel had waited three hours for freight and would wait another hour, and all things aided.

### FRESHMEN GAVE BATTLE

Columbia Sophomores Gathered in Force for the Fray, and Then the Fur Flew.

"We dare you to come down!" This cry from the lusty lungs of a hundred sophomores made the halls of the Columbia Library, on Morningside Heights, echo and re-echo yesterday afternoon. The freshmen, with a nighty yell, rushed down the flights of steps to combat with the belligerent sophomores.

The freshmen were outnumbered, but made up in sand what they lacked in numbers. The lines of the classes were as hopelessly intermingled in the howling, fighting mob of students that no one could tell in whose favor the battle was going. After a battle of ten minutes, as if by common consent, the battered and weary participants, with clothing torn and hats smashed, stopped fighting.